

They Call Me Rock 'N' Roll

Brownsville Station

They call me rock 'n' roll
I ain't young, and I ain't old
I ain't wrong, and I ain't right
I'm not black or white
You know, it's just that cold
I said, They call me rock and roll

They call me rock 'n' roll
Said I shoulda died a long time ago
I ain't wrong, you know I ain't right
I'm not black or white
You know, it's just that cold
I said, They call me rock and roll

Chains from the skyway
Never seem to set me free
Lights from the runway
They call out to me
But it's another city
Lord, it's another show
God bless rock and roll

Keep on movin', keep on provin'
God bless rock 'n' roll
Keep on shovin', keep on lovin'
God bless rock 'n' roll

Hotel breakfast
And I can't see straight
Newspaper people
Aw, and I can't be late
But it's another city
Lord, it's another show
God bless rock and roll

Just keep on movin', keep on provin'
God bless rock 'n' roll
Keep on shovin', keep on lovin'
God bless rock 'n' roll

Keep on movin', keep on provin'
God bless rock 'n' roll
Keep on shovin', keep on lovin'
God bless rock 'n' roll
God bless rock 'n' roll

Ain't feelin' bad, but I know somethin's wrong
Why do the days seem so long?
Can't keep my brain on the daily routine
Gettin' anxious and feelin' mean

I said, I can't wait for Friday night
I can't wait for Friday night

(Can't wait) To let loose what's inside of me
(Can't wait) To let it flow and set it free
I can't wait for Friday night

Front row center, I just gotta be there
Can't hear too good, but I don't care
Nobody knows what the music means to me
It's got the magic and I got the key

I said, I can't wait for Friday night
I can't wait for Friday night

(Can't wait) To let loose what's inside of me
(Can't wait) To let it flow and set it free
I can't wait for Friday night
I can't wait for Friday night
I can't wait for Friday night
(Let me tell you) I can't wait for Friday night
(Gettin' anxious) I can't wait for Friday night

Backstage fury, the band's in a hurry
Outside, the audience waits
Guitars get in tune, and the noise in the room
Sounds like someone's crashin' down the gates

Don't hide the feelin', the circus is here
Let your inhibitions go
Don't hide the feelin', the circus is here
Welcome to the rock and roll show

By the second song, somethin' goes wrong
A cymbal falls off the stand
The roadie will catch it, he's paid to fetch it
The hidden member of the band
By the third encore, they're still screamin' for more
Bringin' the band to their knees
Playin' what they know, keepin' up the show
Can we turn the monitors up, please?

Yessir
Ow, don't hide the feelin', the circus is here
Let your inhibitions go
Don't hide the feelin', the circus is here
Welcome to the rock and roll show

Ow
They call me rock and roll
I ain't young, who said-a then I ain't old [?]
Now, I ain't wrong, no, I ain't right
I'm not black, and I sure ain't white
I said, They call me
Oh, they call me
Oh, they call me
Rock and roll
Rock and roll
Rock and, rock and, rock and roll